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**W**HEN HITLER AND Stalin flourished, Americans were horrified by stories about good Nazi and good Communist children betraying their parents to the police. "That can never happen here," we said. To make sure it couldn't, we made war upon Hitler and have since devoted much of our national treasure to resistance against Communism.

Looking back, I don't know why it seemed so awful, having children send the old folks off to jail. It was probably an old-fashioned sense of fair play, which made Americans believe some relationships were too intimate for cops to interfere with, even when doing their duty to the state.

Turning children into stool pigeons against their folks perverted a uniquely intimate relationship so grotesquely that it made the whole society repugnant.

Perhaps that's why the idea was so revolting, but who can say? That was a long time ago, and we have changed since then. Today anything seems to go with the authorities whose business it is to get the goods on people.

If the old-timers thought it immoral for cops to encourage children to betray their parents, how would they have felt about letting police use your own breathing against you? This is what the so-called lie detector does, and the White House, encouraged by the Director of Central Intelligence William Casey, recently proposed strapping battalions of Government workers to lie detectors to see if their pulse rates have any secrets to tell.

If it came to a choice, I'd rather have my children tell Casey I'd been saying "To hell with the flag" than have my pulse rate spill the beans.

When children sell you out, even if it means hard time in

# A Testing Time

Lewisburg instead of one of those sweetie-pie Federal playpens they run for convicted politicians, you can sell the car before going in and have the satisfaction of telling the little rat, "O.K., sonny boy, next time you want a car for the weekend, ask C.I.A. Director Casey to let you use his."

On the other hand, if your breathing, your pulse rate, your skin temperature or your blood pressure do the squealing, you can't even hope for revenge. What are you going to do, have some friendly hoods beat them up?

Maybe you say, "Well the pulse rate and blood pressure are going to have to do hard time in Lewisburg, too." Let's face it. They don't care, do they?

Having nothing to lose by betraying you, they are ideal witnesses for the modern American cop to cultivate when trying to turn your most intimate relationships into fertile ground for the double-cross.

Then there's your urine. Have you noticed how many newspaper stories there have been lately about ballplayers who resent turning their urine over to various sports commissioners?

They object because the commissioners want to give it to the cops who have ways of making it talk. "You're wasting your time, commissioner" urine can say, "because this guy leads a life of such healthy dullness that it's a wonder he didn't bat .400

last season instead of a crummy .217."

Or it can say, "Just between us, he's using beer, bourbon, brandy, coffee with real sugar, cocaine and a mineral water chaser, gazeuse style, imported from France."

It's easy to imagine a sports commissioner saying, "How can he afford it on a salary of only \$360,000 a year; maybe he's selling secrets to the Russians. This is a case for Casey."

Whereupon, having been betrayed by his urine, the ballplayer winds up strapped to a machine determined to wheedle something out of his breathing and sweating apparatus.

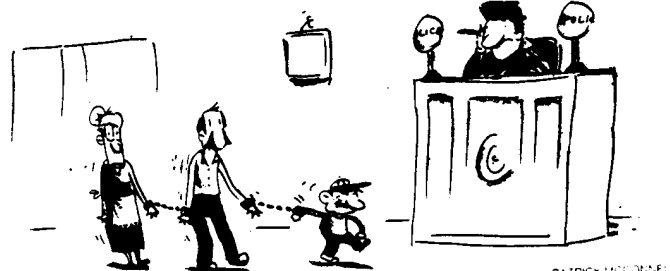
American cops are fascinated with the treachery potential of body products the way Nazi and Stalinesque cops doted on double-crossing kids ready to put the old folks away whenever they said: "Nuts to the swastika" or "Marx wrote even duller than Marcel Proust."

The latest technique for making the body destroy the man is a blood test that's supposed to reveal whether the person whose blood is testifying against him may have a tendency to become afflicted with AIDS.

Here we are close to the ultimate in modern police state bodily fluid betrayal technique. You know the panic generated by the term AIDS. Imagine what can happen to the party whose blood says, "This bird has the tendency, all right." Not the illness; just the tendency.

Well, he doesn't have to take the test, you say? Of course not, if he never wants to work again.

Now, have you heard that the Government, by testing a tiny clipping from one of your toenails, can determine whether you have ever thought. . . . ■



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